THE SIEGE OF VIENNA, A POEM.

By W. C.

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To the Right Honourable the Earl of Plymouth, *Lord Lieutenant of* Worceſter, *Governour of His Majeſties Garriſon of* Hull, *&c.*

My Lord,

THE Valliant deportment of excellent Cheiftains Influence and excite in every Generous and Ingenious Soul, Vertuous and Ingenious principles. The Trophies of *Miltiades* diſturb'd *Cæſar's* reſt, the Acts of *Achilles* were incitements to *Alexander's* Conqueſts, and it were ſtrange Ingratitude and ill Nature where the Faith and Loyalty of a Religious people, run at no pair with the Favour and Clemency of a Merciful Prince. I dare not with that *German* Monarch boaſt, His Majeſty may now ſafely ſleep here in any of His Subjects boſoms; yet I Charitably hope (drawing the Curtain over ſome few Intractable tempers) Your Lordſhip has promiſing teſtimonies of our Corporation, Loyalty, led and forwarded by Your Honours Noble Example and Conduct. I would perſuade my ſelf, His Majeſty has here a Magazin of Hearts as well as Arms, and that the ſame Sword given from King *Henry's* ſide, wherewith our famous Mayor ſlew that Arch Rebel *Halam* and diſperſed his Complices will yet be unſheath'd againſt any who ſhall Attack or Plot the deſtruction of His Majeſties Royal Perſon, His Heirs or Succeſſors.

If we may meaſure Hearts by their Index, the Tongue, our Seniors frequently declare the horrour and deteſtation, and we by our Addreſs which Your Honour was pleaſed to encourage, have expreſt our bluſhes at our great reproach which I ſhrink to repeat.

My Lord, The grand diſturber of *Europe* received many checks by the famous Chivalry and reſolution of the Noble *Starremburg* and other worthy Commanders before the Walls of *Vienna*, and to incourage every generous Soul, that the Glory of their Conqueſts be not buryed in Oblivion, was the inducement to theſe Poems. I would not fall into *Phormio's* folly to read a Lecture of War before *Hannibal* a Peer of Your Lordſhips Judgment whoſe early Vallour, like that of Prince *Alexander's* before *Vienna*, gave ſignal proof to this Nation, of your Loyalty, Courage and reſolution, but as Heroick Verſe is proper to expreſs the Praiſes due to the memories of worthy Heroes, I would gladly awaken the Pens of Sublimer Muſes in more laſting Colours, to Pencil this rude Draught, and Imp their Glories on more loſty Laurels. *Interim*, I begg Your Lorſhips Pardon, if he who never ſaw the order of a Camp, miſs of ſome military tearms proper to ſuch a conduct, and who in all humility deſires to merit the Title of,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt

Humble Servant.

W. C.

THE PREFACE.

THE Author hereof has been threatn'd from his Inclinations to Poetry; as being a Science ever attended with Poverty. So far was the Topick from a determent, he again ventur'd to embarke himſelf for the Barren Continent of Parnaſſus; undauntedly he ſet Sail for the Straights of Penury, but the Gales breezing too calmly, he never yet got a ſight of the Port, and to his apprehenſion 'tis a meer Terra incognita. I fancy from hence you would apprehend him a wealthy Perſon; I can inform you, you are not much miſtaken; he enjoys liberty, his Intellect, and himſelf, the Treaſures of the Indies cannot ballance them. A Soul unfetter'd with Avarice can never be call'd poor; let Heaven but put Health into his Scale and he is happy enough to pitty Crœſus. Would you ask his definition of Poetry without Paradoxy, it conſiſts in an intellect diſturb'd

by

by Golden buſineſſes, hurried into the ruffling Sea of Accumulated Wealth, *his whole life not allowing him the true injoyment of himſelf; but drown'd in* Opulency *he lives a Slave to* Vanities, *ſo inanimate as cannot Charm the Affections of any really wiſe Man. He whoſe Buſineſs and Riches, entangles his time, that he cannot call himſelf Maſter thereof; the Man under theſe circumſtances he calls emphatically, Deplorably Poor: but you'l ſay, what Means he, by ſuch a Preface to the* Siege of Vienna? *troth, 'tis to tell his Enemies (who have denounced the Curſe of Poverty againſt him, as Majeſterially as if they alone had the guidance of Fortune) I ſay, it is to tell them he ſo little values the Curſe, he can charitably ſay Amen to it. On the other hand he would not be thought ſo monaſtically vow-bound, as to refuſe the Bounties of Heaven; he is ſo far from ſuch a Stoicall negligence that if wealth can be acquired by honeſty and induſtry, if he die a poor Man, let his executors rail at providence. I confeſs Poverty an epidemical Diſtemper amongſt Poets, their Fortunes is a large Inheritance in fairy Ground.* Ben. Johnſon, *the meritorious* Cowley, *and my incomparable Country-man Mr.* Marvell, *died poor: I do own the diſpenſation of Providence on this ſcore ſhocks the faith of the moſt pious: I dare not pretend to diſſect the reaſon or Tax the Allotments of Heaven; but Poor or Rich I ſhall acquieſce, and only implore Heaven to keep me from that miſerable ſort of Poverty, intellectual Slavery.*

But this Advertizes that ſome things of Levity having eſcaped the Preſs contrary to the knowledg of the Author, and the thing now not being retreivable by the writ of errour; all the Attonement can be made for them is Penitence, the greateſt ſinner can do no more; and ſure any ingenious good natur'd Soul cannot refuſe him Pardon. Infallability ſeldom attends his years, the beſt

best of Mortality have their Paroxisms of Folly, he hopes in him also it may be venial to err. The morals of the Death of Knowledg was writ at nineteen years; the whole with the succeeding Poem, calls him five years older, and sure a Muse so young with an unadapt education, even thô its essays were only sence would rather deserve Incouragement then Tiranny; but to his misfortune, the sence and nature of the thing being strangely perverted by Invendoe's, it was apply'd to be reflective. So dangerous are the pretensions to wit in a soyl so uncultivated that he must bid adieu to favour who dares attempt it. Folly is the Mæcenas *of the Times, and Fools and Coxcombs are the darling of the Age. How are they pursued with obligations, whilst Wit is despised of all; not that the Author is so vainly proud as to assume the honourable stile, he would only keep out of the lumber of the Earth, although it be in the rear he cares not, so long as he marches not with the* Ignorant, *the* Pettulent, *the* Humourous, *and the* Affected; *were he to choose where his repute should graiz, it should be amongst the good natured and well humoured, but its impossible to barracade Fame, The Illustrious* Cowley *and* Devanant *with the Sages of the Times,* Dryden, Duke, Creech, *have their Enemies; nay to the infamy of Detracters, Madam* Belin, *tho she may plead the Charter of her Sex, is not spar'd. I am sure therefore I have no reason to repine at the most virulent defamation. I have oft laught at a Fool who swore he could write a Book to please all Appetties; 'twas a pleasant thought and above any thing humanity can pretend to, a vanity beyond the cure of Bedlam to undertake such a province. But methinks I see an objection against the Dedication, that it is not Panigerical enough for a Person so Meritorious. I must tell you the humble Lord* Plumnos *abhors an adulation, and will rather Pardon a* Scandulum Magnatum, *then*

then the least Topick of Flattery; *his Figure is beyond my illustration.*

To conclude, If this Author should e're appear again he will endeavour to shun the breach of Obscenity, *the Rocks of* Impiety, *and the disobliging Quicksands of* Latin, *but perhaps this may be the last time you will hear of him.*

The

The ſiege of Vienna *begun* July *the* 16th. *and was rais'd the* 12th. September, 1683.

WHen gloomy Fate the Earth's vaſt Globe ſurvey'd,
And mighty things and mighty Fortunes play'd,
Her Tents ſhe pitches in the *Flandrian* plaines,
Manures her Feilds of blood, with *Spanniſh* Swains.
Till weary with the petty game She flies
To find new ſport, to ſeek new Sacrifice;
The *Turkiſh* Creſſent in her Ballance weigh'd,
And thus againſt her greatneſs ſhe Inveigh'd.
Lord, how the Turbant ſwells! ſo great he's grown,
On earth he yields no Power above his own:
So wide his pride does with his Empire ſtretch,
He vainly thinks he is beyond my reach.
His humane greatneſs dazles in his eyes,
He fears not my unbounded deſtinies;
But with his Troops his pageant Power he Guilds
With wondrous Armies the *Hungarian* Fields.
Goe on, ſaid Fate, 'tis your confuſion calls,
Take your Fixation at *Vienna's* Walls;
I will not Flag, but in my Port appear,
In all events you'l find that I am there.
All accidents my awful Power diſplay,
And ſhew I have the Guidance of the Day:
Your Martial tools, ſwords, ſpears and guns proclaim,
And roar aloud the Luſter of my name.
This ſaid, Fate Plumes her ſelf moſt bright and Gay,
Deckt in the Trappings of contingent Sway,
On tender wings through yeilding Aire ſhe Flies,
With Pompous trains of various Deſtinies.

Thouſands of little Deaths about her waite,
For their Imployment moſt importunate ;
So dexterous in their black miſtick skill,
They ne're ſhot vain but even at glances Kill :
Accutely artful in Fates great Commands,
Mortallity could not their force with ſtand.
In ſtate attended thus, ſhe mounts away,
And gave new glory to the ſhining Day ;
Swift as the light unto *Vienna* come,
Here will I ſeat (ſaid ſhe) m' Imperial Throne.
A Fleece of ſofteſt, fineſt clouds ſhe wove,
To make the Ground Plot of her ſeat above ;
Her Chaire of State was of condenſed Rayes,
Her Crown th' Elixer of a brighter blaize ;
A fined light about her head did ſtream,
A rivolet of Glory was each Beam.
Too great Illuſtrious, and too bright was ſhe
For the week opticks of Mortality.
In Glory clad, the Goddeſs fil'd her Throne,
And from her Atmoſpheare thus looking down
With a mild aſpect, a declining head,
In ſoft and tender pitying Language ſaid ;
Ah ! fooliſh man, by wild Ambition toſt,
And in a gulph of pride and folly loſt ;
With what a guſt his eager purſuit flies
To find the limmits of his vanities ;
And cheating greatneſs prompts the thinking fool,
By power to quench the Ambition of his ſoul :
Inſatiate pride ! the dropſie of the mind!
The more we drink the more to pride inclin'd.
So the great *Alexander* wept for ſhame,
To find no conqueſts to exalt his Fame ;
And in a ſullen diſcontentment di'd,
To ſee the Earth give Bounds unto his pride.
But goe Impoſthum'd Fooles, where Paſſion calls ;
See here, your Golgotha's before theſe Walls.
Unnumber'd ſwarms of mighty Pagan Force
Bent thitherward their unreſiſted Courſe.
No Martial order did their Marches grace,
But with rude joy each does his fellow trace :

Loud

Loud Clamours trill the wide disturbed Aire,
All *Hungary* the dreadful Eccho's hear.
Triumphant prayers to *Mahomet* are sent,
Invoking *Allabs* shake the Firmament;
On Towring Turbants shining Moons are fixt,
All ornaments of War confus'dly mixt.
Noise, Pride, and Show gave luster to their power;
All trophies of a merciless conquerour
Was there Display'd, and Brandisht in the Aire,
To guild their courage, and strike deep dispair.
The Heroe *Lorrain* with grave prudence weigh'd
Th' unequal Force, and thus with blushes said,
'Well have we ponder'd in our pensive mind,
'What nerves of Power yond monstrous Army bind.
'Our knowing Council worthily advise
'To Sculk our Courage, to appear more wise.
'To rest on Prodigies of providence,
'Proclaims our folly, but denies our sence:
'My fellow Souldiers, credit what I tell,
'Not Dying sinners on the ridge of Hell,
'Can more unwillingly bid life Adieu,
'Then I not fight with that disorder'd Crew.
'But Int'rest prompts it as a duty meet,
'To make a safe, and vigilant retreat.
Swift fled the news unto the *German* Court,
Fear timpaniz'd the truth of the report;
A thousand wondrous Circumstances frame
The usual Accents, told by lying Fame.
So different did the Amazing story fly,
The truth was huddled in variety.
Some said, the mighty *LORRAIN* was or'ecome,
The Army lost, the Emperour undone;
Each, told the dictates of his doubting breast,
As with surprize and fear they were possest.
But, all agreed resistless power at hand,
Power, which the Empire's strength could not withstand.
They all prepar'd to meet the worst of Fate,
And calmly yield to be unfortunate.
What forc'd belief, near *Altenburg* 'twas said,
The Duke ingag'd was ruin'd, lost, and Fled.

Upon the coming of the Turks *the D. of* Lorrain *raises the seige of* Newhusel.

It was reported at Vienna *that the Enemy was* 300000 *men, when by their muster Rolls they were not above* 150000 *men.*

Of thirty thousand Tartars, the forerunners of the Turkish Army, 3000 swoom over the River Letheas *and surpriz'd the Duke who beat them.*

Some noble *Tartars*, first the Dust did raise,
For vallour even in them, deserves our praise:
Three thousand of them swoom *Lethea's* Tide;
(The lechery of Courage swel'd their Pride,)
Securely ambuscado'd in a Wood,
The unsuspecting Troops their march pursu'd.
Till in the Politick machine insnar'd,
Each valiant mind to do his best prepar'd.
The Rev'ling noise gave death to the surprize,
Their shrieking *Allahs* rend the very Skies;
The wounded Air, all shatter'd, fled away,
They almost in a *vacuum* fought the Day.
What Air they wanted, still the Dust supply'd,
Only, in grosser Elements they Dy'd.
A Bloodier Scene in time can scarce be found,
The Figures few, but all in action joyn'd.
As much of Pride and Courage here was seen,
As well Epitomiz'd *Pharsalia's* Green.
Here falling Turbants scatter'd o're the plain,
There, falling Crests of gallant *Germans* slain;
Here, Strength and Courage equally debates,
Till they have learnt discission from their fates.
And then one falls; the other who survives
In midst of joy his own black Fate receives.
Ah War! thou Lottery, where still the Prize
Is caught by Death, who keeps the Box and Dies.
Here brawny *Turks* with a condoulsive strife
Grapple, till nature's eas'd, sighs out its life;
And in unwilling billows bid farewell,
Curse their proud Emperors, and go to Hell.
Another, there in Sweat and Blood expires,
Dies big with rage, to want what he desires.
Swoln with his Lust, another Dying cries
I come, ye Beauties, to my Paradice.
Nor can the Christians without passion Die,
But for revenge to the Eternal cry;
And curse Ambition Wars-creating, Sun
Ingendering mischiefs from mans Pride begun;
That kindles passions, and inspires with hate,
And with a Bloody flux infects the state.

The Turks Paradice is an Elezium of Beauties.

But ſtay, my Muſe, what paſſions move, reſerve;
Vienna's Plain will all thoſe thoughts deſerve:
In this mad skirmiſh only tell the fame,
And Honour due, t' Illuſtrious *Lewis* Name.
A youthful Prince th'extreams of Vallour urg'd,
Rallies his Squandr'd men, and nobly Charg'd;
On the Impartial wings of fate was driven,
By falling from his Horſe he mounts to Heaven.
Nor ſhall Prince *Arſchot* ever be forgot,
Too full of Vallour, with a Zeal too hot;
The flying Enemies purſu'd too far,
Till he met deſtiny, and dy'd in War.
The Royal Youth their Musket ſhot defi'd,
And nobly by a Scimiter he dy'd.
The *Turks* then run; Wiſe *Lorrain* ceaſt the flight,
Leaſt it ſhould draw him to a miſmach't Fight.
He in good order Marches on again,
With the vexatious loſs of Fifty men.
All that the flying Enemy could boaſt,
They got ſome Baggage for the lives they loſt.
Fear of the Emp'rour's ſafety, fills the mind
Of the good Duke, too much to War inclin'd.
Nor would he idle throw away that power,
The Guard, and ſafety of the Emperour,
Burnt in the anguiſh of Calcining fear;
Exceſs of Loyalty his actions ſteare:
And frowning fate could not allow his ſtay,
But, to *Vienna* ſends him Poſt away.
In ſome diſorder'd ſhew, he firſt appear'd,
And this confirm'd their minds in what they fear'd.
Where, leave we him Encampt upon the Hills,
To view the wild diſpair the City fills.
The Emp'rour's motion readily was known,
Lord! what diſtractions revel'd in the Town!
Not from the Peſt more ſwiftly could they part;
Thrice happy he, who nimbly got the ſtart.
The Aged weep, the Youth and Infant cries,
The univerſal noiſe was groanes, and ſighs.
In mighty crowds, vaſt numbers throng away,
Nor will the Feeble, or decrepit ſtay;

Lewis Prince of Savoy was ſlain Rallying of his men, and Prince Arſchot.

At which Fight the Duke loſt 50 men.

His retreat was ſo haſty that it was thought no other but a flight.

But like themſelves, ſuſpect God's Providence
Too impotent, to yield them a defence.
And as they fled, they oft look't back to view
Their weighty Bleſſings to the City threw;
Had all receiv'd lot's Fate, who look't beyond,
With frezing Fleſh they'd Wall'd the City round.

Above 60000 Souls left the City that day, and yet beſide the common Garriſon there was left as many men able to bear Arms.

There, might you ſee the parting Lovers mourn,
With ardent Paſſions pray for a return;
Then preſſing, kiſſing, ling'ring, bid adieu,
For their deliverance Worlds of Maſſes vow.
Thus fair and plauſibly they ſlink away;
When others Fight, how eaſie 'tis to Pray?
One would have thought, they fled at ſuch a rate,
The City ſure had been depopulate;
But, who can know the miſtick will of Heaven,
When opportunies for curſe are given?
The wretches, who had run ſo faſt from Fate,
Meet deſtinies, far more unfortunate.
Waggon's o'repreſt with Burthens break their Wheels,
And leave them no relief, but fleeting Heels.

Many Carriages failing they fell into the Tartars hands.

They fell into the cruel *Tartars* Hands,
Led Slaves and Captives into forreign Lands.
So, Heaven rewards thoſe Cow'rds who baſely fly,
To ſhun an univerſal Deſtiny.
The Emp'rour gon, he leaves the Cities care
To *Starremburg*, Fames Nobleſt, chiefeſt Heir;
A Name to all ſucceeding Ages bleſt,
For Conduct, Courage, and a Loyal Breaſt.
His Valour, Skill, and Wiſdom there was ſhown;
Next Heaven, He's the *Meſiah* of the Town.
Ye Sons of *Mars*, give Him his Merits due,
What He deſerves, cannot detract from You.
So long as Fame can play her lungs, ſhe ſhall,
Him her dear *Starremburg* for ever call.
Age, Youth, and Manhood ſhall His Name adore,
And ſpeak His worth, till time ſhall be no more.
When by Mortality he ſhall be hurl'd,
Amongſt the Nobler Chieftains of the World,
Then, Story ſhall Exemize, Records ſhow,
'Twas He, preſerv'd *Vienna* from her Foe.

But leave we him, till Action calls again
To mention *Starremburg's* Illuſtrious Name;
And take the proſpect of the *Turkiſh* Power,
How from the Hills like Hiveing Bees they ſhower;
Fires, Devaſtations, Cometts of the War,
Proclaim the Barbarous Infidels too near.
All *Auſtria* was with deſolation fill'd,
Towns on a Fire, a dreadful Landskip yield.
No pitty could the ſavage Heathens court,
They laught at Cries, and Tears were all their ſport;
Age, Youth, and Beauty could no Mercy move,
How to outdoe in Cruelty they ſtrove.
In *Hungary*, the Tragick Scene was laid,
The Country round was an infernal ſhade.
Here, Luſtful *Tarquins* tender Virgins Rape,
Nor Beauteous Boys can the lew'd Villains ſcape.
Acts, not to mention with a modeſt mind,
As they by Vice and Nature were inclin'd.
The prompts of Conqueſt, and wild will gave Law,
As paſſions urge, their Cruelties they ſhow:
The Nervous Youth, ſent to the *Turkiſh* ſoil,
To ſpend life's vigour in a Slaviſh toil,
And *Hungary*, the ſeat of War, ne're knew
Torments ſo ſtrange, ingenious, and ſo new.
In vain, the wretched Captives wiſh for Death,
Then miſery would terminate with Breath;
Their Agonies would finiſh with a groan;
But life in Chains, is a perpetual moan.
Corps of unthinking *Boors* ſpread all the Hills,
The ſprings of Blood down to the Vallies trills:
Death, envious Death ſtood by, and bluſht to ſee
Her ſelf out-acted by Humanity.
Leſs various ſorts of Death could *Ireland* yield,
Thô hundred thouſands ſcarce her Shambles fill'd;
Nor *France*, more numerous Deaths e're underſtood,
At her curſt Nuptials ſollemniz'd in Blood.
What wearyed Swords had idely left undone,
From the reſiſtleſs Flames could never run;
The ſpacious Plains, in Blazes all appear,
And deſolation Marched in the Rear.

They burnt, kill'd, and deſtroy'd all Auſtria, and lead a hundred thouſand Captives away.

Buggery much uſed amongſt the Turks.

The

The River *Ips*, bounds their Insulting power;
But *Austria*, in its Limmits they Devour.
To nature's Bulwark all her Shep herds ran,
Caves, hollow trees protect the helpless man.
But, savage Pagans strangers to remorse,
Dissect, and even nature's Entrals force
To seek her Son's,
They hunted them with Blood hounds.
With their flesht blood hounds scent and hunt the Woods,
To find their lodges, and their Darke abodes.
The mouthing Hounds for blood soe thirsting fly,
(Sure they were Doggs of their own progeny,)
The Grotts and Caves their lives could not secure;
But they whom Nature hides the doggs devour.
Not to dilate too far the tragick scene,
Let us look back unto *Vienna's* green;
There, see the busie Vultures camp their men,
Sworn without conquest not to turn again.
From Saint *Mark's* hill encreasing swarms appear,
Soe vast, six miles could scarce fledg in the rear;
Like worlds of Emmetts, cover all the Hills,
Whil'st fear and wonder the whole City fills.
Uneasie crowds unto the walls repair,
And tell Ten Thousand lies t'excite dispair;
But Active *Starremburg*, no time would lose,
The Idle, gazing, herd to work he draws.
All hands Imploy'd, most willingly each strove,
By Industry to gain the eye of love.

The Gown-men students form'd themselves into Regiments, and behaved themselves bravely during the seige as did the Merchants, and all the Mechanicks,

Nor will he now, the Idle Gown men spare,
Their hands oblig'd their tongues, he left for prayer;
And from the Alter Joyfully they came;
Their roaring Incense pay in smoak, and Flame.
The noble Youth from Colledges and Schooles,
Leave their tame Books, to handle Martial tooles,
Their doubtful, vain, and nice disputes, they fly
To swords, sure Arguments of victory.
Their arts profound, which upon thought depend,
They left for Notions, which to Action tend.
The City's Merchants, bravely too appear,
To take up the new Glorious trade of War.

In

In Pagan blood their correſpondence write,
And pay their Bills of vallour even at light.
Mechanicks, throw their harmleſs tools away,
In Armour clad, appear moſt proud and Gay.
One hour of Fortune's kindneſs in the Field,
Exhales a wealth, Induſtry ne're could yield;
But if he fail, his life of toyle's betray'd,
And in the Bed of honour he is laid.
The Boyes and little *Titans* of the town,
Were into troops and pretty Armies drawn.
For *Chriſt* and *Leopold*, was all the noiſe,
The ſhrill, clear acclamations of the Boy's.
The Butchers form'd themſelves into a train,
From killing Beaſts, more brutal *Turks* to brain.
The Bakers, Brewers, make them drink and bread,
And when they 'ave done, their own Battalias lead.
Thus, the great *Starremburg* minct all the Town,
And in two days they all were Souldiers Grown.
Forget we not the Joy poſſeſt their Souls,
When *Scarſenburg* brought in the valiant *Poles*;
That happy night, the Infantry came In,
Our gladneſs was in every aſpect ſeen.
Loud confidence does our new forces meet,
And with all Hailes they one another greet.
Noiſe and Impertinences are allow'd,
To animate a poor deſponding Crowd.
Three ſhouts congratulating friſk the Aire,
Which Echo doubles to the *Turkiſh* eare.
When theſe rude Ceremonies all were done,
A profound ſilence through the City run;
Count *Starremburg* exalted to their view,
His thoughts into theſe pleaſing words he threw.

Scarſenburg *brought in the* Poles *and Infantry they before having only the common Garriſon.*

'Courage, my fellow ſouldiers, Friends in War,
'Hence banniſh Cowardize, th' Effects of fear.
'The ſtate of *Europe* in this ballance lies,
'And on our vallour all the World relies.
'Weigh well, my Friends, for by this Cities loſs,
'The *Turkiſh* Creſcent will out-ſhine the Croſs:

Starremburg's *Speech.*

'Our Country, Fortunes, and Religion, are
'Now to be meaſur'd by th' effects of War.
'I have devoted Life, and Fame, and all
'To live by conqueſt or by War to fall.
'Forbid, O God, I ſhould ſurvive to ſee
'A Fate ſo black, ſo full of infamy.
'To mind let us our Noble Fathers call,
'How they moſt bravely drove them from theſe Walls.
'We 're ſtill the ſame, and they the Pagan Foe,
'Same God above, ſame Providence below;
'By all that's Sacred, here my life I'le end,
'My laſt, my kindeſt drop of Blood to ſpend,
'You, and my deareſt Country to defend.
'Curſt, doubly curſt, may he for ever be,
'And Damn'd, till time ſhall drown Eternity,
'Who ſhall prove falſe.

They ſwore Allegiance and Fidelity to Count Starremburg.

Here interrupted, then
They thunder'd forth with mighty noiſe, Amen.
'All you, (he adds) who hither come, and ſwear,
'To ſacrifice your lives to th'Holy War;
'Here plight your faiths, and after me come, ſay,
'If I my Country or the Town betray,
'If to Religion, or th'Imperial Crown
'I prove unjuſt, may Heaven for e're diſown
'The Perjur'd *Starremburg*, and may he find,
'Gods juſtice in it's moſt revengeful kind.
Here interrupted by the bellowing crowd,
His fame like Thunder, flew as ſwift and loud,
After three ſhouts, he then his ſpeech concludes.
'And now, my Loyal Friends, t'our Ports depart.
They went with Vallour ſtampt on ev'ry Heart.
Their *Starremburg* fill'd all their Mouths with praiſe,
And ſubſidies of Fame to him they raiſe.
But e're this time, Tents fixt about the Town,
Drawn in the Sacred figure of a Moon;
The Grand *Vizier's*, on riſing Ground was plac't,
With Carved ſhapes and well wrought Figures grac'd;
The Canopy, was Richly wrought above
With Figures, which did Pride and Courage move.

Towns

Towns ta'ne by ſtorm were wrought in ſhining Gold,
And all the ſtories of the Conqueſt told:
How they had all the Chriſtian World o'recome,
Whilſt they by their Diviſions were undone.
There, in one fold Old *Bajazet* they ſaw
From out his Breaſt the perjur'd contract draw;
Imploring *Jeſus*, as a God moſt High,
Now to revenge his Chriſtian's Perjury.
His Pray'rs were heard and more to pleaſe the ſight,
The great *Huniades* were drawn in flight;
And not far off, in the dark Bloody plain,
The wicked Biſhop, and falſe King lies ſlain.
Theſe, and a thouſand things, to cheat the thought,
Was o're the Tent, in *Turkiſh* Carpets wrought;
And at the Baſis of his Chair of State,
Th' Effigies of the *Emp'rour* bore it's weight;
On which, the proud inſulting *Vizier* trod,
With more of Pride, then did the Papal God.
Up, up he goes, clad in a Princely Robe,
Grac't with his Turbant, Scymitar, and Globe;
A ruddy Moon was o're his Turbant laid,
Exhal'd from Blood, by Cruelty made red.
The *Vizier* mounts, and fills his Chair of State,
In a rich grandure, equal to his Fate;
He ſtrokes his Beard, and gave a Souldier's grin,
Three times with ſmiles he ſtrokes his grizl'd Chin.
Through all the Camp an awful ſilence went,
All Eyes, all Ears, were fixed on the Tent.
A while he then ſurvey'd the numerous croud,
Starts up, and thus his thoughts he ſpeaks aloud.

The Grand-Vizier's *Speech to his Army.*

'By *Allah*, and by *Mahomet*, I vow
'Not to return till I this Town ſubdue.
'By my great Father's Soul, and all that's dear,
'I'le conquer Nobly, or die baſely here.
'I'le lead you on, where fame and honour calls;
'Undauntedly to ſcale yon ſhiv'ring Walls.

'Chill'd with ſurprize, a faint defence they'l make,
'A ſmall reſiſtance, for their all's at ſtake.
'Hark how their bellowing Guns for Mercy cry,
'And in petitioning mournful Accents die.
'No Allies, can the vanquiſht *Emp'rour* boaſt,
'And e're obtain'd, his City will be loſt.
'Where's their relief? In what can they repoſe?
'Who can protect from us, their powerful Foes?
'Curſt Fools, go on, In your vain God rely,
'He ſhall protect you from my deſtiny;
'Your careleſs, ſleeping *Jeſus* will give aide,
'Scorn ye my power, be not of me afraid.
'He will protect you in your idle War,
'And build you Caſtles in impregnant Air;
'Send you Ætherial Armies, who ſhall fight
'Your Battles, and defend you from my might;
'And Dam the torrent of my boundleſs Power,
'Reſtore again your flying *Emperour*.
''Tis well, you on your Airy God relye,
'For all your humane power I here defye.
'Go on brave Souls, predeſtination calls
'To dare your Fate before theſe mouldring Walls.
'You need no prompts to 'llure you to the Storm,
'Nature her ſelf did you to Vallour form.
'You are the Iſſue of thoſe Demigods,
'Who conquer'd *Candy*, and the Iſle of *Rhodes*;
'Your vigour and inhærent courage ſhow,
'By oft Extracting the beſt ſpirits grow.
'The *Mufties* ſay, 'tis writ in Books above,
'In the event we ſhall victorious prove.
Thus having ſpent his wretched Blaſphemies,
Mad ſhouts of joy Debauch the very Skies.
The Valiant City their Victoria's hear;
Shouts of Defiance ſends with the ſame Air.
Fate from her Throne ith' Air all this had heard,
In a ſtrange Dream to th'*Vizier* Appear'd,
And thus Accoſts him.

Fool thy *Muſties* lie,
I'le clip thoſe *Delphick* wings of Victory.
Go, tell thoſe erring Oracles of thine,
They are but Jugglers in the things Divine.
But let them flatter thee, at laſt thou ſhall
By the moſt ignominious Bowſtring fall.
Thus having ſaid, ſhe calls her mighty train
Of Deaths, and ſends them to *Vienna's* Plain.
Go ſwift, (ſaid ſhe) ſwarm in the Ambient Air,
Each breath the *Turks* ſhall draw their Fate ſhall bear,
Creep into Guns, with every Bullet fly,
And guide what is miſguided by the Eye.
The Swords, and every whiſtling Arrow tend,
To yield a Tragick, and a Fatal end.
He ſtarts from ſlumbers wak't, What's this I Hear?
And in a glance, Fate ſhatter'd into Air.
This Dream (ſaith he) hath ſtrange diſturbance wrought;
But Dreams are *ſpectrums* of our waked Thought.
But now encampt, their Trenches they begun
With Spaid and Ax to wriggle to the Town.
They mount their Batteries without delay,
And ſtrait, begun inceſſantly to play.
Our Cannon their rude complements return'd,
And equally with the ſame paſſion burn'd.
But they no ſooner did the Siege begin,
The crawling Serpent Treachery got in;
Sets fire to th'Town in the moſt dangerous place,
Where all their ſtores and Amunition was;
Such noiſe, and dread, did the whole Town poſſeſs,
As thought tranſcends, and Pen cannot expreſs.
I'th Arſenal, where was lodged all our Store,
Th'impartial Flame clung to the very Door;
Till Noble *Schmiderburg* the danger ſaw,
To the wild Element he gave a Law.
Stop here, (ſaid he) no further ſhalt thou go
He ſav'd the Ars'nal and the City too.
Like *Jericho's* high Towers, and mighty Wall.
That did at *Joſhua's* blaſt, before him Fall.
So we (had it t'ane fire) had ſurely found,
A blaſt as Fatal as that horny ſound.

The Vizier was afterward by the Grand Seignior's *order ſtrangl'd.*

The Fire came to the Door of the Arſenall ſupos'd to be fir'd by a Boy who the Rabble tore in pieces

A Boy alſo was beheaded for holding correſpondence with the Enemy.

The

The Boy (ſuppos'd the Author of this Ill)
The unexam'ning Rabble madly kill.
But here our fear's extinguiſht with the Flame,
And all return unto their Poſts again.
With our hot Guns again our ſpirit Boyl;
Their Iron Balls our ſtubborn Walls recoyl.
Arrows like hail, Bullets like atoms fly,
Thick as the Clouds, they darkned all the Skie.
Noiſe, Smoke and Fire, raffle the angry Air,
The Elements themſelves begun to jar.
Air fought with Duſt, one would have thought t'have ſeen,
T' a *Chaos* all things would be hurl'd again.
Earth quak't, Air thunder'd, and the Water roar'd,
An ampler Scene, Fate never could afford.
The whole Creation in convulſion lay,
And trembled, as it were the Judgment day.
The groaning Globe, ſick in a Fever lies,
All Blood-ſhot, roules away her wondring Eyes;
And for each foot of Ground the *Turks* could worm,
With Blood they purchas'd, what their hands perform.
No ſhot in vain the City ſpent, for ſtill
Thrown by their fates they even at random kill.
Ah! could we but the proſpect ſafe behold,
The ſtory without Tears could not be told!
Sence is too groſs, and metaphors too mean,
With all their art, to tell the Tragick Scene.
There, dying in a Trench the weari'd Slave
Bids life adieu, and drops into his Grave.
There, one with *Opium* Drunk, raſh things purſu'd,
And dies with the conceit of Vallour proud.
Their Prieſt-ridd fools the jugling *Muftie* flame,
They court their deaths to be enroul'd in fame.
That airy Maggot all mankind eſteem,
At beſt, 'tis but a titillating Dream.
The nobleſt fame glides in the Tide of time,
Diſplay's with noiſe, and ſhows things moſt ſublime.
Born down the Stream, he lanches to the Sea,
Sinks in Oblivion and Eternity.
Vallour's a fraud, Fame's but a Golden cheat,
Gilt with the gawdy names of brave, and great;

The Turks *are frequently Drunk with* Opium.

Fame

Fame leads us on, till we meet Fate in War,
Laughs when we fall, and ſo diſpells to Aire.
Who fight for her, die martyrs to a Whim,
His dear reward is but a fleering Grin.
The ſecond wheadling Element of War
Is int'reſt, that grand Univerſal ſnare.
Dull Prudence baniſht, Int'reſt leads the Van,
To follow where, wild paſſions drives us on;
By unregarding Fate at laſt we're Cruſht,
We go to ſeek, our Int'reſt in the duſt.
So, wars and violence are plagues from Heaven,
By which, not Fame, nor Int'reſt can be given.
But vertue, is the ſafe and pleaſing way
To fame, and Int'reſt which ſhall nere decay.
But frightned with the groanes of Dying men,
Too far, my Muſe hath wandred from the ſcene.
For now the Storm enhanc't does Bloodier grow,
To one vaſt mount they all their Batteries draw;
The thundring Gods in mighty vollies Fly,
Pick here, and there the man ordain'd to die.
Too full of boldneſs one their power diſdaines,
His ſhatterd head diſcovers he hath brains.
There a baſe cow'rd does from his quarters fly,
A ſwifter bullet ſhowes him how to die.
All Agonies of War was here diſplaid,
And Joyn'd in fight a vaſt confuſion made.
Drums, Trumpets, and the noiſe diſorder ſends,
Shrieks, warbling groanes, all that to horrour tends
Is ſeen, and heard; there mangled on the Plain,
Thouſands unweildy, greaſy *Turks* lie ſlain.
There a maim'd *German* crawling in the Duſt,
In death's impartial Arms at laſt is Cruſht.
A bleeding heart there, big with paſſion dies.
Waves his bright Sword; revenge, O God he cries.
There, a Bold ſtripling, his dear mother's Joy,
Does things make Manhood far ourſly the Boy;
With ſlaughter Drunk, his glitt'ring ſword he Waves,
Fate cuts him ſhort, and throws him to his grave.
There, a proud *Baſhaw* wond'rous things performs,
Brings on his Troops, and bravely helps the Storm:

Madly

Madly assaults, and clammors over all,
Till by a vulgar destiny he fall.
In vain he Bites, in vain he grasps his Wound,
With whirling Blood life streams upon the Ground.
T' his sensual, helples Prophet praying, cries
Take me, *Mahomet*, to thy Paradice.
To thy *Seraglio* take my wandring Soul,
And in ripe Beauties ever let me roul.
One kills a *German*, mounts him on his Spear,
And shows the gastly trophy in the Air;
And as in triumph he the Victim led,
In height of Pride, a Cannon struck him dead.
Down falls the Conqu'rour, and his joys are lost,
Proud of the Conquest, to'ther died the first.
A noble Troop big with their Vallour burn
Salley, and with a brave success return:
With killing weary to the Town retire,
At each retreating space spit back their Fire.
The galled *Janizaries* all the while,
Stand to their ground, and die in Rank and File.
All Policy, all Humane Power could reach
Past at assaulting of the raveling breach.
The *Vizier* saw th'attempt for Man too great,
Commands the pleasing sound of a Retreat.
In a concern'd and melancholy damp,
He strait returns again into his Camp;
In sullen humour to his Couch he went;
Nor dar'd the *Aggas* to approach his Tent:
Till his afflicted mind eas'd with repose,
With new and mighty resolutions rose.
He calls his Councels, to new measures falls,
By Mines into the Air to blow the Walls.
The *Pioneers* to Mining straight were sent,
Th'industrious Moles, Earths peaceful Bowels, rent.
And all with equal emmulation strove,
Axes beneath, and merc'les Guns above.
But we must deviate with an accident;
In threatning mutiny the Souldiers went.
And one bold spirit, us'd to a Rebel cant,
In saucy tearms did thus begin to vaunt.

And tell the Acts by *Janizaries* done,
To raiſe *Mahomet* to his Fathers Throne.
'Twas thus he talk't.

'Hither we're come to pay thoſe duties due
'To *Allah* firſt, and then, great Sir, to You.
'And our petition is the humble prayer
'To raiſe the ſeige, and to divert the War.
'Ith' Armie's name I humbly beg we may,
'As we have long deſerv'd, receive our pay:
'Heartleſs we fight, when we find no reward;
'Mony's the thing which Souldiers moſt regard.
'Gold is the life, the blood, the ſoul of War,
'The wings, on which bright conqueſt flies ſoe far.
'Tis it, That guilds the terrour of a Court,
'And gives it an Illuſtrious awfull Port.
'Without it, Power is but a pageant thing,
'A gawdy trifle to adorn a King;
'And golden Crowns do intimate no more,
'But that, in Gold there is a ſacred power.
'If theſe our juſt demands you ſhall refuſe,
'Let us goe Home, with peace our Natures Uſe.
'Witneſs *Mahomet's* ſacred name, there's nought
'Of Ill deſign in this Petition brought.
'Our wants ſupplied, moſt Joyfully we'll ſerve;
'Curſt be the man, who ſhall from duty ſwerve.
'You know, *Mahomet's* holy pandects ſay,
'You muſt relieve the wretched, when they pray.

The Janizaries *mutiney.*

Have you not ſeen where ſollid Wiſdom's loſt,
And quibling wit does o're true knowledg boaſt;
Or faithful Lover baſely turn'd away,
Becauſe a richer Rival comes in play;
Or bed debauch't by a diſloyal Bride,
When glowing Cheeks cannot her paſſion hide?
Even ſoe, the grand *Vizier* with anger ſwaid,
In the Extravagance of paſſion ſaid;

'I have conſider'd well your bold demands,
'And weigh'd how it may with my honour ſtand.
'I pardon your firſt crime; but henceforth be
'No more ſo rude to talk of teaching me.

'No more your factious, curſt, petitions draw,
'Boſt with the impious notion of a Law;
'Thoſe Beacons by the rebels ſet on fire,
'Thoſe Comets ne're are ſeen, but powers expire.
'Oh Gods! ſhall ſlaves the *Vizier's* actions ſcan?
'You're clods, and 'tis my beams that make you man.
'Shall you, a nauſeous putrifactious brood,
'Preſume to tell me what is juſt, and good?
'Tell me of home, and of a place of eaſe?
'I'le cure you of that Lingring diſeaſe.
'Thoſe windy Bladders ſhall no longer Buoy,
'But action ſhall the thought of Home deſtroy.
'Tell me of *Allah*? you ſhall me adore,
'On earth there ſhall be known no other power.
'I'le outdo Nature, and my powerful Raies
'Shall new create, what will the World amaze.
'I'le kindle mud to man, and make them Wings
'To guard me, ſervant to the King of Kings.
'Then baffled nature will her weakneſs own,
'Shall Laurel me, and to my works bow down.
'Soe like a God I'le ſpeake what Fate I pleaſe,
'And you ſhall execute, while I'me at eaſe.
'In Airie Chariots made of tender skie,
'With my new man I'le through the Regions fly;
'Then ſoare into the ſtarry mounts above,
'And there ſhake hands, and drink a health to *Jove*:
'And know his meaſures how he there does reign,
'And at my leaſure I'le come down again.
'No, know my ſlaves, I'me Abſolute and Free,
'My will ſhall flow, and Ebb as does the Sea.
'Uncircumſcrib'd give Appetite its fill,
'Roare when I'me vext, and when I'me pleas'd be ſtill.
'Shall your curſt, baſe, rebellious breath Obliege
'To raiſe the War, and to divert the Seige?
'Your towring pride you'le find ſhall have a fall;
'The reſt then mutt'ring out, the Bowſtring ſhall.

The Janizary who was ſuſpected the head of the mutiny was ſtrangled.

With that, he beckens on a Mute hard by,
Who by his motion learnt the ſtring, t' apply,
And with the man, ſtrangled the mutiny.

Now,

Now, now again, all for the ſiege prepare,
To uſe the laſt extremities of War.
Nor were they Idle, but with ſweat and blood,
They made the beſt reſiſtance that they could.
Yet, what poſſeſt the City moſt with fear,
Was the high vallour of the Governour.
Laviſh of life he to all dangers Ran,
Till fate reminded him, he was but man;
And gave him two, or three afflicting wounds,
Gently to curb, and give his vallour bounds.
But reſtleſs he in his Sedan appear'd,
Courag'd the weak, and doubting aſpects chear'd.
To th' feeble ſtrength, to the deſpairing ſpirit;
All ſtrive to get his Charming word, you merrit.
If he bid goe, (thô to ſure death) they fly,
And miracles was wrought when he was by.
Count *Starremburg*, was the dear cordial word,
That gave new vigour to each fainting Sword.
Where e're he came, the chance of War would fly;
He was the Guardian Angel, victory.
Their Guns themſelves no greater dread could bear,
Then when the name of *Starremburg* they hear;
Whoſe deep directions ſunk below their Mines,
And e'en by inſtinct, knew their black deſigns.
He wounds the ſhivering Earth, and finds it ſoe,
Moſt artfully he dives a Lare below.
And when the blaſt was ready for the fire,
He bravely forc'd them baſely to retire.
'Twas worth our diſquiſition here to know,
What bravery the very ſlaves did ſhow,
When by their Counter-mines they meet below.

The Governour received ſeveral wounds by ſplints.

Like grappling Devils in their Hell they fight,
And glimm'ring Swords was all their lamps of light.
There brutal Pioneers each other hook,
And ſilently Puſh home the fatal ſtroke.
Surpriz'd he knows not by what hand he falls,
Curſes in groſs, and damns in generalls.
A wounded miſerable wretch Invokes,
To ſome kind hand to give the ending ſtroke;

They hooke with Scyths & other Inſtruments the Turks *in the Mines, and through the Pallizadoes out of their trenches.*

Led by his groanes, one seeking to retire,
Gives the beg'd stab, by which he does expire.

Men of repute, and those to War inclin'd,
Who court their danger with a generous mind;
In these dark caves grope out a dear renown,
And happy they who most oblige the Town.
Things beyond probable they enterprize,
To raise their fame, and to exalt the prize,
Hazard, that ugly mistris of the mind,
Drest in her anticks in those caves we find;
Darkness, her vizard, does soe damn'dly fright,
Those who would scorn to shun her in the light
Will turn their backs, and fly the hideous sight.
But yet, the good, the wise, and valiant know
Fate is as dark above as 'tis below.
What can be said, when here the Pagans fell?
They are so much the nearer to their Hell.
Their Hecatombs of praise are paid in Flame;
And blazing Crowns for ever speak their fame,
In smoak to triumph, and in groanes to tell,
What pains they took to digg their way to Hell.
But leave we things occult, and up again,
To storms, and deeds of light unsluce our pen.
With each assault, a tide of Ink must fly,
To fill fame's Register with those that dye.
Here, thousand Corps nauseous, neglected lies,
And serve for Hills to raise their Batteries.
But now, the *Germans* fearful grow to kill,
Th' unnumber'd Dead does soe their Ditches fill;
Too well they knew, each lubber *Turk* that falls
Raises the path, by which they mount the Walls.
But, *Danube's* streams convey the dead away,
The greedy fishes caught a noble prey:
Born down the torrent, the lamenting Flood
Moan'd as it run, and blusht it's self to Blood.
We must not dexterous *Keilmanseg* forget,
Soe skill'd in shooting, with an artful shot
The stalking, portly, Engeneer he kill'd,
As he with scornful pride walk'd ore the field.

And the kind wretch, who fetcht the Corps away,
As in his arms the gaſping burthen lay,
How ſwiftly! he let fly another Ball,
And by the fatal load he caught his fall.
Such is the miſtick courſe of humane chance;
What wild, ſtrange, Figures the with Man does dance!
Till in the Circle caught, then, then's the ſtrife;
He buys his knowledge with the loſs of life.

Baron Kellmanſeg *kill'd a* Turk *of Quality at the diſtance of* 300 *paces, he alſo ſhot the* Turk *who was fetching the body.*

But to the Town; each morn the riſing Sun
Receiv'd for Sacrifice a thundring Gun.
In Peals all day their adorations ſpent,
Even *Jove* himſelf, amaz'd at what they meant;
Lookt from his Throne, his trembling Firmament.
Upon the rouling Ball he caſts his Eye,
Concern'dly pitying poor Mortality:
He ſaid, where will their wild Ambition fly?
'Vain fooliſh Man! how he purſues his pride,
'As luſt, and will, and giddy paſſions guid!
'By power, he ſtrives to fetter his deſires;
'To the hot flames his conqueſts add new fires.
'*Pelion* on *Oſſa* throws to Scale the Skie,
'And at my Throne would his Ambition fly.
'But drunk with Greatneſs, on the tap they ſee
'Extents too 'xpanding for mortality;
'And his weak Opticks cannot reach them all,
'So whirling, giddy, down the Fantoms fall:
'Crowns, Scepters, Pow'rs ſhall moulder, and Decay,
'And with the glance of life ſlide ſwift away.
He Nodds to Fate, his *fiat* gave, and then
The canopy of Heav'n was clos'd again.
Th' inſulting Tragick-acts again begun,
Repulſt moſt nobly by the Harraſt Town.
They now almoſt the Citie's vitals drain
With loſs of Blood, which breath'd from ev'ry Vein.
Deſp'rate, and prodigal of life they lie,
Spring out their Blood to cure their Pleuriſie.
But now their finiſht Mines below conſpire,
And only wait the fatal accent, Fire;
Up goes the Pallizadoe, down it falls,
Which gave a paſſage through our reeling Walls;

And

A passage to the Bottom of the Ditch was made by this mine, and so hazardous a breach was made thereby as made a way for four a breast to enter the Town.

And with new force a fresh Assault comes on,
Here all despairing Men could do, was done.
'Twould court our tears, and move the most unkind,
Strain a deep sigh from the inhumane mind,
With words adapt the sorrows here to tell,
That on the wasted, weary City fell.
Mash't to a *Chaos*, all her Bulwarks falls,
And makes a rising Ground to scale the Walls;
Not for their Forts, but e'en for Ground they fight,
All wonders seen that might confound the sight.
Alive in Rubbish buried to the Chin,
Some beg releasing deaths with humble grin.
Others, lie heaving in the pangs of death,
Imploring mercy mildly yield up breath.
Maim'd, burnt, and bruis'd another Bleeding lies,
Begging some friendly Souldier, e're he dies,
To bear his love, breath spent, farewell he cries.
There, a fall'n Souldier in convulsive strife
Begg's his kind friend to put an end to life;
Unwillingly he yields, with heavy sighs
Gives the kind stroke, that finish miseries;
For mercy call'd, most thankfully he dies.
Up in the blast thrown by resistles Fires,
Half burnt, half drown'd, some in the Ditch expires.
Here Arms, and Legs, and there a cloven Head,
Huddled in Earth, lie all confus'dly dead.
Passion cheats sense; one fighting never feels,
Until his Bowels dangles at his heels;
Strangely surpriz'd, he sees the hideous sight;
Lets fall his Sword, and dies ev'n with the fright.
Boombs, vast Granadoes clatter in the Air,
Flash, burst, and crack, and all about them tear.
One Boomb on the court bastion oddly fell,
Fired the Mortar-Piece, which went to tell,
We had receiv'd the strangely guided Boomb,
And with another sent the message home.
But now the Mines are wrought, and all around
The barbarous noise of *Allah*, *Allah*, sound:
And every *Allah* a new Mine lets fly,
The incense of their cruel Deity.

Nor

Nor were we Idle, but each Mine they fire,
We bravely forc'd them from the breach retire.
The mangl'd Earth so with curst Mines they wound,
Till all the Town stood upon Treacherous ground.
As on the faithless soyl we stood to dare,
In Ranks and Files we fly into the Air,
And in the ruffling blast all's born on high;
Courage can never shield from Treachery,
But undistinguisht Slaves, with Heroes fall;
The rappid Hurrican destroys them all.
Great *Starremburg* still lent a saving eye,
Where the most danger, he was ever by;
Where real Vallour was oppresst with crowd,
If he appear'd they certainly subdu'd.
As if he bore Fates ballance in his hand,
His presence weigh'd, his absence made it stand.
With ev'ry volley *Starremburg* they cry,
The magick Name made all the Pagans fly.
The Guns themselves, no greater dread could bear,
Then when his Glorious, happy Name they hear.
How willingly th'unfortunate can die,
From *Starremburg* to gain a pittying Eye!
Lord, how vexatious did the sight appear,
To see his Noble *Germans* fight in Air!
When their shorn Limbs was from their Bodies rent,
And shiver'd thrown into the Firmament!
A Tragick sight; Leggs, Arms, and Sculs appear,
Dropt from above as from another Sphear.
Flame and gross Smoak enhance the wretched sight;
The vexed Elements increase the fight:
And cruelly in pieces tore above
To attoms blew them like an angry *Jove*.
Here, trickling heart-strings twist the Bodies round,
And wounded Men in their own Blood lie drown'd.
There, a parch't, shrivel'd wretch Implores to gain
A death, by which to ease both life and pain
His flame contracts him; and his wish allow'd,
He dies amongst the miscellany crowd.
But now all hearts with consternation fill'd,
The Bastion lost, and their best Souldiers Kill'd.

What

What the War ſpar'd, the raging Flux deſtroy'd,
And *Starremburg* alone the City buoy'd:
Th'unweildy weight lay dying in his Arms,
Supported by his conduct, and his charms.
The ſign of Relief. His Signets of diſtreſs he now diſplay'd,
And ſoaring Fire works ſupplicate for Aid.
Pray'rs with their Racketts flew aloft on high,
T'impart to Heaven, and Earth their miſery.
Turn we our Eyes from the afflicting State,
And leave them in the heat of the debate;
To view the Chriſtian Army from afar,
Marching to raiſe the Seige, or die in War.
The *German* force into Battalia drawn,
The pow'rful Hoſt in goodly Armour ſhone;
An awful ſhew a bold delightful view,
So Warriours like, their very looks ſubdue.
Lorrain, and *Waldeck* knit their pow'rs in one,
They wait the *Poles*, and the *Allies* to joyn;
And when compos'd they made a Royal power,
As fits th'Auguſtneſs of an *Emperour*.
The welcome *Poliſh* Troops appear in view;
What bright reflections from their Armour flew?
Michael, their King, does in their Front appear,
His Son, young *Alexander*, in the Rear.
The beauteous King, with what a grace he rid?
How actively his prancing Beaſt beſtrid?
Not *Mars* himſelf in all his dreſs of War,
When he deſcends in his Celeſtial Car;
E're bore ſo great a mien, the Godlike King
Had too much grandure for a Muſe to ſing.
Vallour, and Beauty, in his countenance Reigns,
One charms the Souldiers, t'other Nimphs and Swains.
Not the great *Titus* e're more hearts ſubdu'd,
Who with his ſmiles could faſcinate the crowd;
And with ſoft words would rape their hearts away,
And leave them wandring, gazing at a Bay.
Eyes, Tongue, and Javelin, flew with certain Fate,
And equally all Hearts could Captivate.
At his Command how would the Souldiers run,
Happy by his Commands to be undone!

The

The love of Nations, and the joy of all,
Europe's protector, and *Christ's* General:
Who drove the Pagans from *Vienna's* Town,
And rais'd again the sick *Imperial* Crown.
A worthy Act; but see that little God,
The Prince, his Son, like a bright Cherub Rode;
A gay bright Youth, and as the story Sings,
The Noblest sprein of all the Christian Kings;
Train'd up in Arms, by nature form'd to War,
Even when a Boy most desperate things would dare.
The nimble Stag, and rugged Boar would chase,
And smartly kill them in their swiftest race:
His artful hand commanded by his eye,
Would kill his game as they above him fly:
Nay, Crowns themselves could not escape his darts,
He shot Succession in the peoples hearts;
And when to Death his father shall submit,
The Crown must on his sacred temples Sit.
E're he could lisp, he lov'd the noise of Guns,
Ot Trumpet sounds, and of the ratling Drums.
A Launce, and Sword, his Infant Arms Embrac'd;
What joy he show'd to be so finely grac'd!
Would shoot, and tilt with all the *Polish* swains,
And ever from the Youth the conquest gains.
'Twas nature sure design'd him for a King,
And fortune, as his right, the Crown did bring.
Hither, he came to flesh his tender Arm,
His Virgin sword in Pagan blood to warm.
Soe; in his Cradle young *Alcides* crusht
Th' aspiring snakes, and threw them in the Dust.
On a white, sprightly, brave *Arabian* steed,
Adorn'd with all the Armour war could need;
The foaming beast, proud of his sacred weight,
He knew he bore the joy of *Poland's* State;
Stalk't gently on, with Princely Trappings grac't,
Drawing all eyes upon him as he past.
Thus march they on until the Armies meet,
In grateful accents each the other greet.
And when the loud ungovern'd joys were spent,
To weighty Councils streight the Captains went.

By Act of Parliament the Crown of Poland is fatled upon Prince Alexander.

The City's ſafety, their firſt province was,
To fight the *Turks*, and ſoe the ſiege to raiſe.
The tame, the ſage, the aged, and the wiſe,
Who ſpent much time in thought, did thus Adviſe,
'Delay a while the fight, until we ſee
'the City at its laſt Extremity;
'Then in the Criſis give a brave attake
'To raiſe the ſiege, and force the Pagan back.
'Whil'ſt they'r ingag'd in Storming of the Wall,
'Surpriſe them, and into their trenches fall.
'They cannot then into Battalia fly,
'Diſorder is at leaſt half victory!
Soe ſpoke what wit and Politicks Inſpir'd;
But the brave *Pole* by War and Action fir'd
Mildly returns; 'My Friends, I hither come
'Strait to relieve, or ſtrait to know our doom.
'Delay is the green ſickneſs of the mind,
'The heavy prudent unto ſloath Inclin'd;
'Preach Politicks, the Noble ſcorn the way,
'Hee'l meet his Foe at the Meridian day;
'And bravely charge them, ſquadron'd on the Plain,
'And not by Treacherous Chance the conqueſt gain.
'Surprize, Is mean, baſe, in a Souldier's mind,
'And but, a murder in a Legal kind.
'I know, war's Oeconomy leaves us free
'By any means to ſteal a Victory.
'Humanity, and honour cannot yeild;
'Unſtayn'd by craft, wee'l nobly gain the Feild.
'In too unequal ſtrifes we then allow
'Frauds, any way is juſtice to ſubdue.
'But we are equals, their huge monſtrous power
'Is now reduc'd, War, flux, and all Devour.
'And thô out-numberd, yet wee'l charge them home;
'But if out-vallourd, let them overcome.
Thus ſaid the Royal *Pole*, and all content
With kind applauſes gave a full conſent.
The Councel roſe, and ſo the grand debate
Determined in the ſucceeding fight.
Each to his charge, in order draws his men,
And ſtraight they march unto *Vienna's* green.

Courage

Courage fill'd all, nor could the Army ſhow
A heavy heart, or a deſponding Brow;
But chearful eyes, and glowing paſſions, ſay
How their quick marchings wiſh the Bloody day.
A glorious ſight; into wiſe order drawn,
Not cheating beauty ever brighter ſhone.
Thus beauty cheats the terrour of the ſight,
And we forget, that 'tis for blood they fight:
Dote on the martial, gallant, lovely dreſs,
Until their cruelty our love depreſs.
Then, 'tis we curſe, and hate all *Mars's* ſons,
Who firſt devis'd inhumane Swords and Guns.
Now on the Hills the Troops in Battle ſtand,
And gave the ſignal of reliefe at hand.
The City ſaw the happy Kindled flame,
Laſt card in hand, to win, or loſe the game.
Sunk in deſpair, they rais'd their dying minds,
All fill'd with joys of the moſt ſprightful Kinds.
New hope inſpires, new ſtrength nerves every arm,
Again their chill cold blood began to warm;
And hope, the Buoy of weather-beaten life,
Juſt kept them ſwimming on the Sea of ſtrife;
Beat by the ſurging billows of the Main
Above the waves and then daſht down again.
Such was th' uneaſie City's hopeleſs State,
Wandring in the Meanders of their Fate;
'Till now they ſaw approaching help at hand.
So welcome to the Shipwrackt is the Strand.
Not riſing Favourite more Serene appears,
In proſpect of a life of golden Years;
Nor the fatt Card'nal languiſhing in hope,
Receives the news of being choſen Pope.
Too big for words, paſſion ſwells every breaſt,
And as it with undoubted conqueſt bleſt,
Almoſt into Enthuſiaſt fits they fly,
As if inſpir'd. (e're thought) *victoria* cry.
As fleet as thought, the winged Ecchoes bear
The happy news to e'ry leacherous ear.
Then ſculking Cow'rds reſume their Swords again;
Safety in proſpect, dangers they diſdain.

Soe when diſtreſt and beating on the ſand,
A diſtant ſight preſents the wiſh'd for land;
Then, the ſtout ſayler can outbrave the waves,
Deride the ſtorms, and breaking billows brave:
Soe they new animated, madly fight
Untimely die, juſt while their heaven's in ſight.
Now 'twas that all extreams of War prevail'd,
The City was with all their power aſſail'd.
The Label Baſtion by a mine ore-thrown,
Gave a free paſſage to th' amaized town.
The diſmal blaſt ſhook all the Hills around.
In ſubterranean ſighs the groaning ground
Through Pores of Earth, unto the Chriſtian Courts,
In direful groans their Agonies reports.
The juſt *European* Crowns ſhook with the fear,
And thought their own *Cataſtrophe* too near.
The French *Letters found in the* Vizier's *Tent ſufficiently tell who incourag'd Rebell* Teckley, *and drew down the* Turks *to that Invaſion.*
All, but the Heathen *Galliek* mourn'd our ſtate,
With deep concern deplor'd our heavy fate.
Int'reſt, Religion, pitty could not move,
But with the wolviſh Infidels he ſtrove;
And lent his Pious hands to help the work,
Dethroning *Jeſus* to ſet up the *Turk*.
Boaſt, mighty *Rome*, thy ſacred Chriſtian ſon
How dear he values thy Religion.
To him the Croſs, or Moon, doe equal ſhine,
And power alone, is in his eyes, divine.
Glory his God, the Idol of his breaſt,
Religion's but a Civil tye at beſt;
A Polititian's fetter, which can bind
The ſubject, while the King is unconfin'd.
Thus for his Crown he would the Turbant wear,
His heart does with unbounded ſway appear.
A ſlave to greatneſs, and the Chains of Pride,
But Scorns by dull Religion to be ty'd.
And all he does, are actions juſt and good,
Thô his whole Reign is a mad ſcheme of Blood.
'Tis mercy, that ſupports a ponderous Crown,
Without it, ſwaies the Civil Temples down.
But ſee; the fatal breach hath open'd all,
And the bold *Janizaries* ſcale the Wall.

Vollies

Vollies of ſhot, and Pois, and Arrows fly,
And with immediate death infect the Skie.
Here *Starremburg*, their great preſerver fought,
And by his Sword, as well as conduct bought
Immortal fame, around his fearles head
Fate threw her Balls, and thouſands there lie dead.
But his kind Genius hovering, near him lay
To guard him from the dangers of the day;
And when a threatning Bullet, ſhe eſpi'd,
Would force the ſtinging ſhot to ſchim aſide.
Thus miracles Protect him, but his Friend,
The brave *Heſſier*, embrac'd a Fatal end.
The Noble Captain with a ſmiling Pride,
Bleſt the great *Starremburg*, and mildly dy'd.
Here, all the cruelties of War was wrought,
Figures without the reach or ken of thought.
On Poles a thouſand frantick heads were ſtak't,
Their grizly looks moſt dreadful faces make;
Some, ſcarcely dead contorting roul their Tongues,
Fain would they ſpeak, but ah! they want their Lungs.
There; Sanguine poles bear many a *Heroe's* Head,
And ſhows the frighful poſtures of the Dead.
Slaſht, Headleſs, Bodies cover all the ground,
Arms, Legs, and Hands, lie ſquandr'd all around.
Ah! what a miracle will God diſplay,
When at the laſt, the dreadful Judgment day,
Each clinging particle ſhall ſtrangely come,
And unimpeded glide t'it's native home!
Each of his duſt ſhall be compos'd, and then
From jumbled Limbs, ſhall find his own again.
Here fell an accident which muſt be told,
Of *Turkiſh* Martyrs ſacrific'd to Gold;
A gallant Student having ſhot a *Turk*,
And drag'd him with a hook from off the work;
He ſtrait diſſects and ſearch't his Stomack round;
Six cordial duckets nigh his Heart he found.
Upon a Pole he fix'd the Golden Head,
And cry'd, as he th'obliging victim lead,
The *Turks*, my friends, feed upon Gold, not bread.

This breach was ſo wide as thirty Men a breaſt might enter, but by the induſtry of the Defendants the way was ſo fill'd with Woolſacks &c. as made it inacceſſable.

A Student kills a Turk *and found 6 Duckets in his breaſt, carrying his head in Triumph about*

This ſtory fir'd the avaritious mind,
And thoſe, who were to powerful Gold inclin'd.
New valour urg'd what cov'teouſneſs begun;
Into the precipice of War they run.
Whom Airy Fame could not to danger ſend,
For ſollid Gold would all their Vigour bend,
Beyond all ſafety in their purſuit run,
To hiſs at Arrows, and to laugh at Guns;
And when they kill'd, they fought to get the prey,
The dead to rifle, or to bear away
In midſt of Fight, and in the danger's head,
The Champion falls to plund'ring of his dead.
Perhaps he's ſhot, whilſt ripping up his Womb,
In ſearch for Gold, he finds a bloody Tomb.
Here lies the Bowels of the *Turks* hard by,
The forlorn ſtranded empty Bodies lye.
The ſoyl all Blood, and things too ſad to write
All that could grieve, or elſe perplex the ſight:
The day in torments, and in conflicts fled,
At night the moaning *ſpectrums* of the dead
Appear in glaring, lucid, awful forms,
Night more diſturbing then the day in ſtorms,
Send hideous ſhrieks, unquiet till they ſee
Their dear revenge upon their enemy.
And then the angry ſpirits having gain'd
What they deſir'd, for what they ſhapes retain'd,
The mumial balſom melts, or elſe delates,
They dive, or mount, to their eternal ſtates.
The breach preſented things ſo full of fright,
A charnel Houſe were a moſt Beauteous ſight.
Here an advancing friend his fellow chears,
Death hits his Heart, and then he cries beware:
Back ſtarts his friend, hurt with his ſplintring Bones,
In the retreat his wretched fate bemoans;
But e're without the bounds of danger got,
He's overtaken with a murth'ring ſhot.
Here 'twas the Dice of War was at the height.
When they uncover'd in the rav'ling Fight.
Not here, and there, a bleeding Souldier lies;
But down they fall in Troops, and Companies.

Yet, for each *German* life *Vienna* loſt,
At leaſt two Infidels attone the coſt.
Not any life was ever ſpilt in vain,
Not a fall'n Sword but it could boaſt it's ſlain.
To *Starremburg* the meaneſt Slave, was dear,
All the whole Town ſo valourous did appear.
Oft would he ſay as to the breach he led;
My meaneſt Souldier could an Army head.
Th'oppreſt he aids, and thoſe juſt fit to flee,
He ſaid ſtand too't; you ſhall all Captains be.
Thus chear'd again, they face their Enemies,
And their deſpairing Swords deal prodigies;
The wondring Enemy again retire,
With haſt retreat in ſhrouds of Smoak and Fire.
Th'incenſed *Baſhaws* prick them on again,
Who ſhun th'aſſault, are by their Captains ſlain.
Sturdy as *Moors*, the ſullen Slaves will lie,
They will not move thô for ſure victory;
But in the pet, baſe, and moroſely die.
The City to in Minings had their ſhare,
And from their trenches blew them into Aire.
Drink tuns of Powder, health to their Allies,
Each Mine was a devoted Sacrifice.
To th'*Emp'rour*, *Lorrain*, *Poland*, and his *Son*
They invoke, as Saints, to e'ry Mine they ſprung.
Names, like ſtrong *Ammulets*, which gave ſucceſs;
And Heaven it's ſelf the honeſt *Philters* bleſs.
Now to the Fight, our wandring Muſe muſt ſhow,
Things, the moſt skilfull hand could never draw;
For *Marvel's* Pencil 'twere too bold a ſight,
With artful Beauty to depict the Fight.
His hand would tremble, and his Colours faint,
The City's fears, and this brave Fight to Paint.
Now down the Hills the conq'uring Army come
The Signal wav'd, and ready to fall on.
When thus the Sacred *Pole* aſſaults their Ears.
T'incite his Souldiers, and protect from fears.

The King of Poland's *Speech to his Army before the Fight. Much the ſence of the real Speech.*

'My gallant Chevaliers, and friends in War.
'For glorious Acts renowned from a far;
'Hither we 're come t'aſſiſt the *Emperour*,
'An honour, *Poland* n'ere could boaſt before.
'And we may juſtly hope our Arms are bleſt,
'Tis God-like good to ſuccour the oppreſt;
'Not only ſo, 'tis Heaven and your own cauſe,
'If Ill ſucceſs your faith and all you loſe.
'Should the *Leviathan* devour this Town,
'Then his next prey, muſt be the *Poliſh* Crown.
'We loſe our Faith, if he ſhould bear the Prize,
'His Conqueſt thrives, and our Religion dies.
'The *Chriſtian* World with Eyes of deep concern,
'Depend on us, from us their fate to learn.
'As in the Battle we ſhall find ſucceſs,
'From thence they meaſure all their happineſs.
'Our Anceſtors are writ in Books of Fame,
'And *Poland* bears a moſt Illuſtrious Name.
'They ever ſtem'd the monſtrous *Turkiſh* Pride,
'When their proud inſults ravag'd all beſide;
'For valour, by the *Chriſtian* Kings eſteem'd,
'And *Europe's* Bullworks we were ever deem'd,
'What ſtreams of flowing Glory ſhall we raiſe,
'T'our Countries fame, and our eternal praiſe.
'For God, the Empire, and for Me, you Fight;
'Your Lives, your Fortunes, and your Countries right
'Are now in doubt, your Swords muſt now decide;
'By Valour, the debate is quickly try'd.
'The gallant *Germans*, your companions are,
'Men, widely Fam'd, for skill in Arms and War.
'My dear Repute, our Countries honour, pray,
'And all require, you will the *Heroes* play.
'I'm at your Head, your Actions I regard,
'To ſcourge the Coward, and the brave reward.
'Thoſe noble Hearts, who for the cauſe ſhall die,
'Martyrs, and Saints, ſhall live Eternally.
'I'le raiſe them Statues of Immortal Fame,
'Shall far out-live the curſt Athenian Name.
'Contracts ſhall bear the *Æra* of their date,
'From *Jeſus*, and *Vienna's*, happy Fight.

'But

'But ſtay; with theſe mean thoughts to fill the Souls
'Argues diſtruſt of you, my generous *Poles*;
'I ceaſe diſcourſe: words gall a Souldier's ear,
'Impertinences above War they fear.
'Oh God of Hoaſt, Almighty, Good, and Juſt,
'Who play's with humane Power, as wind with duſt;
'Aſſiſt us now againſt the Barbarous foe,
'And we for ever will thy Praiſes ſhow.
He ſaid, they marcht, the thundring Cannons play,
Vollies let fly begun the Angry day.
Here all that could be done by worthy Men,
Things much too boyſterous for a peaceful Pen.
At each diſcharge, the Army gain the ground,
Swords came in play, and Guns were uſeleſs found.
Not a vain ſtroke the *Poles*, or *Germans* ſpent;
But every ſwing a fatal *exit* ſent.
Down they are mown, they fall like ripen'd Corn,
Or Autums leaves from the lov'd Trees are Torn.
Ah! had you ſeen young *Alexander* Fight,
So like young *David* 'twas; ſo bleſt a ſight:
What ſlaughter with the Giant *Turks* he made?
Lord, how he threw about his nimble Blade,
As if aſham'd of youth his age out-run!
No finer things was by ſixt Sinces done.
So keen his Sword, he kill'd at e'ry wave;
There falls the *Baſhaw*, and his headleſs Slave.
The youthful Prince ſpurs on his tearing Beaſt,
Till the poor Steed was wounded in the breaſt.
Falls with the Prince, and as he dying lay,
Vext now he could no more his ſervice pay,
In an unwilling bellow groan'd away.
And now on foot he fights, till having ta'ne
A Horſe, from the bold Rider he had ſlain:
Fir'd with revenge, up, up he mounts again.
He bites his lips with rage, till the blood ſprung;
Again a new and bloody War begun.
In greateſt dangers he would moſt appear,
Till his good Genius wondring, ſhrunk for fear;
His guardian Angel had enough to do,
(So far into the gulph of Fate he flew.)

To ſave her charge, but ſee his Royal Sire
Incircled round with Arrows, Shot, and Fire,
In Smoak, and Duſt, he fought to them unknown;
But with his Valour too, his grandure ſhone.
Swift to the doubting *Turks* the news was fled,
That Crowned *Poland* did the Army head.
A Name, more dreaded by the Pagan power,
Then their great Prophet, or their *Emperour*.
Not *Scanderbeg*, *Huniades*, nor all
Was e're more feard then was the General.
Now they gave ground, and ſlowly they retreat;
But the bold *Germans* ſtill maintain'd the heat.
Ruffled their order, and purſu'd ſo near,
The broken Ranks for ſudden flight prepare.
The *Poles* the right, the *Germans* left wing rout:
In vain they rally for a new diſpute.
Th'inſulting Conquerours no time allow'd,
But to confuſion drive the medley crowd.
They vanquiſht fly; the *Grand-Vizier* who ſaw,
Intreats, implores they will to Order draw.
I'le be your head he cries;
Go fight thy ſelf curſt fool (ſay they) and ſee
How *Allah* favours Pride, and Tyranny.
Away they fled and the deſpis'd *Vizier*,
Took the ſame courſe by th'ſimpathy of fear.
Our Conquering Army all the while purſue,
And all their Swords, or Guns could reach, they ſlue.
Their broken Squadrons in lew'd numbers fly,
Fell in our hands, t'increaſe our Victory.
To tell each Figure on the wretched Plain,
Would ſwell my Muſe, ſhe ſcarce would credit gain.
There, a wild Horſe does on his Maſter feed,
And there another cruſht his rider dead.
One by the heels drag'd by his wanton Horſe,
He dies not finding pitty or remors.
His broken Scull throws out his looſned Braines,
And with his Blood he cultivates the Plains.
What Antick Hillocks of ſlain Mortals lie,
Of ugly, dead, abus'd, Mortality.

Drums, Trumpets, Guns, the cries of wounded Men,
Frights my calm Muſe to a condoleing ſtrain.
Thô Infidels, I ſigh to tell the ſight,
So horrible and bloody was the fight.
Their Troops of Horſe, vault o're the wounded Slaves,
And trample them alive into their Graves.
So groſs the Air, mingled with Duſt, and Smoke,
At once our eager Souldiers blind and choak.
Ith' dark they fight, and throw their random blows,
Unknowing kill their Friends inſtead of Foes.
Whole Troops at once, leap into *Danubes* Tide,
Ignobly in the Rappid Torrent di'd.
Gnaſhing his Teeth, a ſuperſtitious Fool
Beggs them to ſing a *Requiem* for his Soul;
My wandring Soul (ſaid he) where will it goe?
A *German* heard, and gave a fatal blow;
And bids him dive t'his Heathen ſhades below.
A thouſand woful cripl'd Souldiers lie
With wounds, ſo ſtrait, through which life cannot flie.
Until they crawle, and ſome looſe weapon reach,
And faintly give themſelves the puſhing ſtretch,
Each faultring hand relieves a churliſh wretch.
His Leggs ſhot off, a valliant Enſign falls,
Defends his Colours with his Teeth, and Nailes;
Till by a new unhappy wound he dies,
With his laſt breath [take the curſt Flagg he cries.]
In Quaggs, and Boggs, many brave Souldiers lie,
Periſhing in the ſtinking puddle, die.
Shields, Helmets, Turbants, Swords, and broken Bows,
Tell the vaſt numbers of the ſlaughter'd Foes.
The Field, a confus'd Magazin of Arms,
The ſoyle diviſion'd into bloody farms.
Here, lie a whole Battalia of the dead,
And there, a little ſpace of ground unſpread.
Bavaria, *Waldeck*, *Lorrain*, and their Power,
Like hungry Lions, did the *Turks* devour.
As they purſu'd command, their Souldiers kill,
Revenge the Blood theſe Infidels did ſpill.
Blood was the word, repay *Vienna's* loſs;
Down with the Creſcent, and exalt the Croſs.
Leſs mercy let the Barbarous Pagans find,
Then Wolves, or Lions, bear to Humane kind.

Thus the day ſpent in paſſion, blood, and toile,
Sweeten'd at night with an unbounded ſpoile.
A Camp ſo wealthy time ne're knew before,
And av'rice ſurfeits in the plenteous ſtore.
Each common Souldier had ſo vaſt a ſhare,
They grew too proud to live by painful War.
And talkt of laying cruel Weapons by,
In droanful eaſe to let their natures fly.
The Royal *Pole* the *Vizier's* Tent poſſeſt,
Weary with fighting, ſweetly took his reſt.
The Tent became the Grandure of a King,
Riches not for a Cottage-Muſe to Sing.
The Cloath of State, and weighty hoards of Gold,
With vanities too tedious to be told;
The Miſers Local Heaven was in the Tent,
If happineſs by Riches can be meant.
Th'Indulgent, bounteous *Pole* divides the prey;
So wiſely ſhar'd, that all went pleas'd away.
But e're they Plunder'd, we ſhould eye the Town;
When by ſucceſs their wiſhes gain'd the Crown.
While the Battle was fighting they aſſaulted the Town as ſmartly as ever.
The daring Enemies their ſtorms renew'd,
With Impudence as if they had ſubdu'd,
Gave fierce Aſſaults, to the laſt moment fir'd,
As with ſure hopes of victory inſpir'd.
Till the aſſailants looked back, and ſaw
Their Army in confuſion run away,
They increaſt the flight, and took them to their heels,
Purſu'd by our departing thundring peals.
A white Pigeon flew into the Town juſt when the fight ended.
A ſpotles Dove the bleſſed tidings brought,
The Chriſtian Army had with Conqueſt fought:
And as it wav'd its branch of peace, could ſay,
The deluge, Infidels, are ſwept away.
Joys, not to be expreſt, fill'd all their Souls,
To ſee the Pagans fly before the *Poles*.
Their dancing paſſions bouncing in their breaſt,
With greedy Eyes unto the Walls they preſt.
With dear delight ſaw the brave battle fought,
A gentle Cordial to deſpairing thoughts.
The ſick and wounded the bleſt proſpect view,
Their dying Spirits rais'd with th' pleaſing ſhew.
So, a bright gladſome fit preceeds our death,
And gives a glimps of Heaven deaths ſting to ſheath;
Then, how contentedly we part with breath!

Thus,

Thus, on the Walls the poor, slasht, Souldiers lie,
Raiz'd from their misery in the extasie,
Praise the eternal God, and smiling die.
But now, to *Lintz* the gratefull story went,
That tells the *Emp'rour* of the blest event;
He gladly hears the news, and posts away
To share the Royal Glories of the day.
His faithful *Starremburg* he first salutes,
Clasp't in his Arms, whilst rapture struck him mute.
Till bursting joys let loose his fetter'd Tongue,
And thus his Eulogies of Praises rung:
'My dearest *Starremburg*, my noble Friend,
'To thee next Heav'n most thankfully we bend.
'By thy brave conduct, thy fidelity,
'Thou hast oblig'd the Christian World, and Me,
'Redeem'd *Vienna*, sav'd my shaking Crown:
'And to thy self, Eternal Praise hast won.
'The Christian Champion, who the Pagans brav'd;
'Thy wit, and courage, has my Empire sav'd.
'Blush not, my Friend, what I have said's most true,
'Nor, have I said what's to thy merit due.
'Here, with my thanks, my Souldier, take this Ring;
'Wear, as the thanks of thy most grateful King;
'And when the Triumphs of the day are o're,
'I'le shower rewards becomes an *Emperour*.

The Emperour *gave* Starremburg *a Ring of great value.*

To which, Count *Starremburg* repli'd;
'Pardon, great Sir, your thanks are only due
'To that great Power, by which we did subdue.
'I only did as ties of Duty press,
'The meanest Souldier could have done no less.
'*Christ*, *Emp'rour*, and my Country call'd my aid;
'And I, those sacred, dear, commands Obey'd.
'Cease, modest Friend, and lead us to the Town,
'To pay our thanks, due to the *Polish* Crown.
The Kingly, tedious Ceremonies past,
With wondrous kindness, he the *Pole* embrac't.
And in the *German* Language gave th'harrangue,
Interpretation thus the numbers Sang.
'My Royal Friend, whose Fame so widely spreads,
'Calls Youth the Glory of all Crowned Heads,
'Hither I'me come, to pay the Tribute due,
'First, to my God; and then great Sir, to you.

'Nor,

'Nor, have I words my thankful thoughts to ſpeak,
'And juſtly my acknowledgments to make.
'You, by whoſe Valour we the Battle won,
'Whoſe Aid preſerv'd the Empire and the Town,
'This was an Act ſo great, and ſo divine,
'Twill in fames Rubrick ever, ever ſhine.
'The Name of *Poland* is for ever bleſt,
'Who ſhields thimpotent relieves th'oppreſt;
'That for the Empire ventur'd life and Crown,
'And gain'd thereby a Permanent renown.
'Oblig'd all Chriſtendome.————
Here, interrupted by the *Poliſh* King,
Who thought them Praiſes, which he heard him ſing;
Mildly repli'd.
'On me, great Sir, your thanks you throw away,
'They'r only due to him, who gave the day;
'To God, are all thoſe Tributes only due,
'By whoſe ſtrong Arm, we did our Foes ſubdue.
'Spare then, great Sir, I'm pleas'd I could deſerve,
'Under your honourable Flag to ſerve;
'A glory, I by long Ambition ſought,
'And would, thô with the loſs of blood, have bought.

He ſaid; Then, with the *Emperour* march'd down,
To Sing *Te Deum* in the joyful Town.
Saluted by three rounds of Cannon's roar,
Which through all *Europe* the vaſt tydings bore.
To the great Church the *Emp'rour* bent his way,
His thanks, and Adoration there to pay.
The Holy Rites was by the *Biſhop* done,
Who, during all the Siege, had kept the Town.
The *Biſhop*, who we ſhould before have told,
Suppli'd the Souldiers both with Wine, and Gold.
The only Churchman, who the Siege had ſtay'd,
Moſt lib'rally he Gave, and Fought and Pray'd.
Worthy the Office, he to th'Altar went,
And when the Sacrifice of Prayer was ſpent,
Thus, the *Te Deum* Sung.

Te Deum, Pindarick odes.

1.

WE Praiſe thee, Sacred, Glorious Trinity,
Who didſt thy mighty will diſpence,
In this thy wond'rous Providence,
Thou great ſupport of humane indigence,
The powerful Rock, where reſts
The troubled broken breaſts.
Thou, ſhield of Emperours, States, and Kings,
Our hearts, O God, thy Praiſes ſing,
For the great, undeſerved, mercy given;
When we were almoſt driven,
Into the Land of Slavery, and Toile,
The Barbarous, Pagan Soile;
Thou then, O God, reſtor'd us to our Heaven,
How ſhall we grateful ſing,
The Power of the All powerful King?
In this unbounded kindneſs of the Eternal Deity.

2.

'Twas thy ſtrong Arm, that lead thy weary *Iſrael*
From Chains, from Slavery, and a Land of Woes,
Through the meanders of the Wilderneſs,
To *Halcyon Canaan*, the dear bleſſed clime,
Where Oyle, and Milk, and Honey flows.
Thy bounteous hand that fed,
With thy miraculous bread.
Thy murmuring Children, in their great diſtreſs,
To us, O God, thy mercies no leſs,
Through the deep Concaves of the Sea,
Thou mad'ſt a path, no humane Opticks could eſpie,
A work became the grandure of a Deity.
The boyſtrous Waves thy *Fiat* bound;
Thou graſps the dancing billows in thy hand,
Like huge vaſt Chriſtal Rocks the Waters ſtand.
In *Neptune's* vallies they walk'd through unto the other ſtrand.

No

No less to us thy miracles appear,
When on the brink of Wild despair,
Beyond relief, we thought,
Then, thou our great deliverance wrought,
The Christian Arms with Conquest Crown'd;
For which we sing, and ever will thy mighty wonders tell

3.

Thou, mighty God, whose great stupendious breath
Can drive the great ones of the Earth;
Who weighs the Mountains in thy hand,
And mak'st the rouling Sun to stand,
Kings and their Armies totter in thy arms:
What humane pow'r with all their Magick Charms
Can thee resist?
Thou ever blest,
Thou, who brought down the Pagan Huff,
And ruin'd with thy angry puff
Their mountainous design;
'Tis thee we Praise,
And true oblations raise,
Of all our thankful hearts can pay;
For thou hast driven our Focs away.
We bless therefore the happy fight,
By which thou hast restor'd again the Emp'rour to his right;
We Haile, and Praise thee at this time
For Mercies, which so brightly shine,
And swim in thy great attribute, Eternity,
Never to be forgot, for we
Will ever Praise thy Name, most Holy Trinity.

C H O R U S.

Pierce through the Starry Mount above,
Sing Praises to the Eternal *Jove:*
There all the Saints with Joyes are Crown'd,
Anthems and Hymns of Praise goe round.
Hallelujah.

Te Deum ended, and the Anthems Sung,
The Fires were kindled, and the Bells they rung.
The thundring Guns begun again to play,
And they in Triumph spent the happy Day.

FINIS.